Fellowship in Prayer

"For a world united in prayer"

Eternal God, our hearts we raise
In adoration and in praise;
Help us good will and peace attain,
And Christmas thoughts, world
wide, acclaim.

Volume III December 1952 Number 6

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FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER
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Volume III December 1952 Number 6

THE MAJESTY OF WINTER - SEASON AND SPIRIT OF SERVICE

By Grenville Kleiser

Beautiful winter! -- King of seasons, majestic ruler of the year. Stern, strong, sublime, you summon men to action and achievement. Over the wide earth you cast your mantle of white, converting it into a place of fairy enchantment. Your silver snows, sparkling and radiant in the sunlight, have taken the place of summer-scented flowers. It is the time of happy firesides, intimate friendships, long evenings, and significant silences -- dream-time as well as work-time.

Glorious winter!-- imparting to life richness and vitality. Beautiful, invigorating, inspiring winter! -- symbol of purity, grandeur, and power.

Winter! -- heralding the Season and Spirit of Service. You bring the Christmas spirit and sense of service which should not be only for one day in the year, but a perennial and perpetual expression of the love in every heart. If the spiritual good cheer of Christmas Day were generally manifested throughout the year, it would transform mankind.

Love is still the greatest thing in the world, and the world grows better in proportion that love increases. Let us not wait for others to practice the golden rule, but diligently apply it to our own daily lives.

Like the stars that are beautiful because of what they are, and not because of what they do, so we can make our lives a beneficient influence to others by developing a continual spirit of Christmas within our minds and hearts.

* * *

"May the Hope of Christmas
Bring abiding Peace;
May the Love of Christmas
In our hearts increase;
May the Joy of Christmas
Never, never cease."

oooOooo

E V A N G E L I S M
Christianity Has Not Failed
By Dr. William Ernest Hocking

(Continued from October issue)

Christianity has not failed.

In the first place, lostness belongs to the conscious self, and underneath this surface there is a vast deal of habit and motive whose religious sources belong to history and cannot be expunged. Of the lost millions of our time, the very science, as well as much of the social order has Christianity for one of its parents. The Russians who have ceased to profess Christianity have not overcome the momentum of centuries of training; under their skins they remain Christians in effect.

In the second place, we set up false expectations when we conceive as our goal a world so far saved that it cannot be lost again. There is no warrant for any such expectation, either in the Gospels or in the history of mankind. We cannot banish the freedom of the will. Nor can we suppress the experimental trait which leads the human mind to devise new ways of thought and life, most of which are wrong and therefore shortlived. A new stage of thought is a new point of departure, from which men will try in new ways the rejection of the good. They are new modes of lostness; but they are also new requirements on our understanding of our own faith.

Thus, the challenge to belief in God offered by Russia today is a deeper challenge than that of the older atheism. It is an experimental atheism, not merely a personal negation. It is a national atheism, carrying itself out consistently, or trying to, into all institutions. It is an atheism flanked by a powerful social philosophy and carried on a wave of responsible passion for mankind. If we are to meet it, we must get hold of our own truth at a deeper level.

Hence, the phenomenon of lostness has a function to perform in the growth of faith itself. So far from being a failure of Christianity, it is, for the Christian, an agency

in the deepening of his religious respiration. It can be regarded as a phase of the work of the Holy Spirit in leading us into further regions of truth.

This leads us to a comment on one of our bad habits in thinking of the motives of evangelism. We tend to assume that it promotes evangelism to grow desperate about the state of the world. If we no longer listen to the ticks of the clock and count the souls slipping into perdition with these time-beats, we still grow panic-stricken in view of the advance of anti-religious movements, of communism, of threats of war, of the various ways in which our civilization may collapse; and use these fears to fan the fervor of evangelism. But evangelism does not require impending catastrophe to give it urgency. Nor can it be conducted in an atmosphere of panic, which is an atmosphere not of faith but of lack of faith. Concern, ardor, compassion are true motives of evangelism; fear is treasonable, for it is inconsistent with what Christianity must offer men,-- serenity, stability, peace, based on certitude in the midst of whatever heavings of the world. The Christian needs perpetually to be stirred out of sloth by the reminder that miseries of a lost world are his personal responsibility; but the alarmist has already ceased to be a Christian. (To be continued next issue)

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HOLY NIGHT

Shut thine eyes to see His star;
Fast on thy knees for the Inn depart;
Hear in thy pulse the angels' song,
And rock His cradle in thy heart.

Be thou the room He did not have;
Bring Him the gold of golden deeds;
Lantern His light within thy mind,
And follow, follow wherever it leads.

--A. E. Johnson.

oooOooo

FOREVER NOW OR NEVER

By Philip Van Doren Stern

On earth it was August, 1914, but in Heaven, where the Lord God stood looking out of his window at the universe, time is counted very differently. There it was simply known as the time when the cherubim ordinarily came out to play their games on the floor of Heaven. But on this occasion not a cherubim was in sight, for everyone could see that the Lord God was exceedingly wroth. Lightning crackled around His head, and thunder rolled across the great arch above Him. His Son came hurrying to the window to look with saddening eyes at what was taking place on the minor planet He had once visited. It was an all too familiar spectacle. An army was invading its neighbor's borders, and refugees were streaming down the roads as they had done ever since mankind had become the dominant creature on that war-torn world.

"I have had enough of this Earth!" the Father cried. "Its inhabitants are not fit to go on living." The lightning flashed with the fury of his words, and the unhappy cherubim hiding in the corners trembled at the roar of the thunder. Everyone in Heaven caught his breath as the mighty right arm of the Lord moved slowly upward in the gesture that spelled annihilation for the offending planet.

The Son grasped the ascending arm gently, staying its awful power. "Father," he said, "Forgive these people, for they know not what they do."

"I have heard you speak those words before," the Father retorted. "And I have not seen those people learn anything since you spoke them. They seem quick enough to learn other things, but not the ways of peace and righteousness."

"Nevertheless, they are my people," the Son said, "I ask you to spare them."

"Spare them!" They are bent on murdering one another!" The thunder rose to a tremendous crescendo that made the cherubim cower. "My patience is at an end. These people have had their chance. When you went among them, they murdered you as they destroy everything good that comes to them."

The Son held his Father's arm firmly. "Still, they are my people. As I went among them before, so will I go among them again to try to teach them the spirit of brotherhood."

The Father's anger did not abate. "It would be better if I blotted this planet out of existence. It is an offence to the most distant star and a constant source of trouble to Heaven."

But the Son shook his head and smiled, seeking his Father's permission to visit his errant people again. Slowly the thunder died away, and anger turned to sadness. "So be it," the Father said finally. "Do as you wish, but I foresee nothing but the reenacting of an old tragedy." The Father turned away, and the cherubim crept timidly out of their corners to play on the floor of Heaven.

And so, on Earth there was born a child of parents appropriately named Joseph and Mary, which are common names among the Jews who dwell in the villages of western Poland. The infant survived the war that raged around him for nearly four years, and during the peace that followed he grew up among his people and became a leader whose wisdom and goodness had great influence. Nearly everyone loved and respected him, but there were some who feared him for the power he had in his community.

When he reached the age of twenty-five, and the armies marched again, darkening the sky with the smoke of burning villages, he was the first to be denounced to the soldiers who came on motorcycles in advance of the lumbering tanks following them down the road. Spies who had lived in the village, for years, called out the names of a dozen of his dearest friends, and the thirteen young men were marked for death.

The skies grew black and a great wind howled across the countryside as the little group of men were marched out of the village, surrounded by guards carrying machine guns. They were taken to a rocky hill which had served as an execution place in ancient times, and there the corporal in charge had twelve of them shot without ceremony. But when he came to the thirteenth man the spy who had followed the firing squad whispered something in his ear. The corporal grinned and nodded knowingly, looking up at a huge dead tree that stood on the very summit of the hill. He spoke to his men, who seemed taken aback for a moment, but they had been well trained in their profession, so they obeyed him without question. They started up the hill, driving

their shackled prisoner ahead of them. The storm increased its fury, and the soldiers appeared uneasy as they went about carrying out their orders. Finally they had done what they were told to do, and they fled from the hilltop, leaving behind the crumpled bodies of twelve young men and the still-living figure of a man pinioned to a tree that bent and tossed in the wind which tore at its branches. No one saw the man die, for the storm was so furious that even the invading army was held up by it for a few hours.

The Lord God was standing at the window when his Son returned, and His anger was terrible to behold. Lightning played around his head, and the crash of thunder frightened the sorrowing cherubim. But again the Son pleaded with His Father, and stayed the arm that was ready to hurl annihilation upon the Earth.

"They are my people," the Son said humbly. "Twice now I have lived among them and I know the evil and the good that struggles in their hearts. They are a long way from Heaven, and it is hard for us to understand them. When I was in their midst I felt for them, for the evil ones among them as well as for the good. Father, I plead with you again to spare them. They are not all bad. I have seen men among them lay down their lives for another; I have seen nobility in their hearts, and a growing desire for peace. For their innocent children, for their women who are capable of great love, and for the occasional man who is trying in his own blundering way to right the wrongs of such a world, I beseech you, Father, for another chance for these people."

The stern face at the window softened. "Very well then, My Son," the Lord God said at last, brushing the crackling lightning away. "For your sake I will spare them from instant annihilation. You have suffered at their hands, so you have the right to speak for them." The Father's voice went on, still shaken by the wrath that burned within him. "However, this time I must impose a condition. This time these people's future and fate must be in their own hands. For I shall now reveal to them the secret that will mean their destruction or salvation. I shall let them discover for themselves the innermost secret of the universe and give them the power of tearing apart the atom that is the key to all matter. With this knowledge they must utterly destroy

their world or remake it into a place of peace and plenty. It is for them now to decide their own destiny. So be it." The Father turned away and left His Son alone.

The thunder died away, and the cherubim came out from their hiding places to play around the feet of the lonely figure at the window whose lips were murmuring a prayer for all the good-hearted men and women he had known when he dwelt among them.

"In their hands be it," the cherubim heard him say. "Forever now or never. Amen."

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The Saturday Review
of Literature)

oooOooo

AN ADVENT PRAYER

Eternal God, whose light ever shineth
in the time of darkness,
And who hast made all ages a preparation
for the coming of Thy Son,
Open our eyes to Thy glory,
and the radiance of a new hope.
Let not our souls be busy inns
that have no room for Thee,
But wide spaces
where holy thoughts are kindled,
And fervent longings
watch and wait for Thy coming.

--By Theodore Carswell Hume.

(Used by permission of--
Dr. and Mrs. Edward H. Hume)

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God is able to do more than man can understand.
--Thomas a Kempis.

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BORN UNTO YOU

By Ray D. Mason

(Ed.- This article is by one whose early experiences could well match that of the Prodigal Son when the latter was in "a far country."
Similarly he repented and returned unto God who had "mercy and abundantly pardoned.")

"Unto you is born this day in the City of David a Saviour who is the Christ the Lord."

Is it any wonder that such a message was accompanied by heavenly music? And is it any wonder that whenever that message has been believed and the Saviour received, the discords of life have given place to harmony and sighing has yielded to singing?

It was this joy, experienced by a noted song writer, that caused him to write:

"Jesus, Thou joy of loving hearts,
Thou Fount of Life, Thou Light of men.
From the best bliss that earth imparts,
We turn unfilled to Thee again."

What this world needs today is a Saviour. Who can doubt this as we look out upon the world, where the clanging of arms and the marching feet of thousands of soldiers - yellow, and black, and white - are heard? Who can doubt that this world needs a Saviour when we see the failure which man has made in the government of the world, his inability to cope with and control the forces of evil, whose control is essential to righteousness and peace?

And is there a man who can honestly or successfully deny that his own individual life needs a Saviour? -- for his individual life is just like the great world round about. There is the same lack of harmony, the same strife, the same triumph of evil, the same inability to control and master the forces that make for destruction and death.

Where is this Saviour, for which human need cries aloud, to be found? Is education the needed saviour? Every young man and woman should learn to use aright the God-given pow-

ers of intellect. They should lay hold, through education, of the keys which will unlock to them many doors in this wonderful mansion of our Father, that would otherwise remain shut to them.

But let us not forget that education is no Messiah, - that mere knowledge of the evils of alcoholism has no power to save a man from the power of strong drink, nor is knowledge of the whole of life any power to deliver men from the inherent evil of their own natures.

When Greece was at the very zenith of her intellectual glory she was sinking lower and lower into the bog of immorality.

Is morality the needed saviour? Suppose that by the strength of our will and the help of our friends we should succeed in cutting out old relationships and breaking the power of old habits. Suppose we should succeed in cleaning up our own life and becoming a model of clean, moral living; would that morality thus attained be a sufficient saviour? No, because we must give account unto God for Holy Laws already broken times without number, for mercy spurned and love trampled beneath our feet. We cannot make atonement for the maniford sins of the past and stand in need of Someone who will satisfy Divine Justice, and meet the claims that the broken law has upon his soul.

Morality is certainly to be desired, above debauchery, but it falls short of being a sufficient saviour.

The greatest news that ever fell on human ears is that, "Jesus Christ came into this world to save sinners" -- that God, in Christ, atoned for human sin, and that all that remains for us to do is to accept the settlement He made on Calvary, turn our backs on sin and follow Him.

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Man's relation to God comes first and is the basis of all else; then the relation of men to each other . . . . It is the life from God in forgiveness and love, in peace and strength and joy, which comes when men thus give themselves to God and live in his spirit with their fellows.

--Harris Franklin Rall.

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WHAT PRAYER CAN DO
By Roy Wallace Thomas

What can prayer do? The answer is the same as the answer to the question, What do we need? We need health, healing, friends, books, food, shelter, tools, money, skill, ideas. The composer, painter, inventor, scientist, the poet, novelist, philosopher, the social engineer, business man, statesman, all need creative ideas. Besides, we each must face temptation, sorrow, failure, perplexity, treachery, doubt. We should pray for whatever is necessary to meet our needs. By quickening the entire self and making all processes normal, prayer leads to the satisfaction of real need.

Prayer integrates life with the creative and sustaining Source, resolves all wasteful and destructive inner conflicts, tunes the whole self, produces poise and health, and enables a man to find himself and to do his work in the world by releasing and directing the full energies of his talent and genius. Prayer is a technique of guidance, a method of creative problem-solving, the key to inspiration, and a way to distinctive living. It puts a new song in the heart and brings one back, day by day, from high adventure laden as with "new ore from some enchanted mine."

oooOooo

P R A Y E R

When we pray we open windows
  And we see a wider view . . .
Flooded with light of heaven,
  Life takes on a different hue.
Unseen hands reach out to help us.
  And in manner wonderful --
Peace steals on the restless spirit:
  Peace profound, unspeakable.
Strangely is the heart disburdened.
  Somewhere Someone takes the load . . .
We are touched by God's own finger,
  And a blessing is bestowed.

--Patience Strong.

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CHRISTMAS IN "MODERN" TIMES

"Christmas in other Lands" might be a fitting theme for many a lad serving the United Nations' armed forces abroad. We doubt that Washington would reveal the number of countries where Americans are fighting or working to establish defensive mechanisms. From recent newspaper reports about air bases established, our boys could well be the "modern" missionaries to fit the hymn:

"From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains,
Roll down their golden sand,
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

ONLY, - these "modern missionaries" are armed with guns, not Bibles, and battle garb instead of priestly robes.

When Reginald Heber wrote this hymn in 1819 it was a challenge to the church. What these "modern missionaries" are doing is still a challenge to the church.

But the church of 1819 was far different than today. From 1800 to 1819 most of the larger Mission Boards were organized, including Bible Societies in England and America. There was a surge of evangelism indicating health within the churches. The high point in Christian missions was reached in 1928 with approximately 60,000 Roman Catholic and Protestant missionaries working in many lands.

But the first World War did not gain the expected religious revival and the last war was disasterous to mission work. Modern warfare does things to religion. It undermined families and vitiated the growing generation.

Before our eyes, war and its product has about crushed Christian missions while young men have been drafted to go to foreign lands to kill or be killed. So this is what our civilization (?) has been working toward the past 50 years. From a Christmas of love and good will a half century ago, we have descended to a Christmas of hate and animosity. With mankind headed downward, there seems to be no salvation barring a miracle of the first order. But miracles do happen, as happened on that first Christmas morn'.

CHRISTMAS IN ENGLAND

By Frances FitzGibbon

Everybody in the English-speaking world knows that an ideal Christmas exists - they have seen it on Christmas cards - it is in England. It was Dickens who created it. He gathered the elements of which the festival, in his day, was composed into a picturesque whole--deep snow and holly, Yule logs, horse-drawn coaches, tables laden with good fare, tankards of ale, all the ingredients of joy and jollity. From his tales it was but a step to Christmas cards, which spread his ideal far and wide. But, this materially hearty Christmas was only the outward and visible sign of its Spirit--peace and happiness among men. Scrouge in the "Christmas Story" personifies its antithesis - piched and crabbed selfishness - a pitiful enemy to be vanquished by gladness.

Soon after the turn of the century England's Christmas climate began to change. Snow rarely came, if it came at all, before January. Jingling coaches and steaming horses were gone; but holly, mistletoe and sumptuous fare flourished still, also gifts and gay cards that stirred the imagination. The Spirit of Christmas remained.

It survived World War I, and World War II could not kill it. Families were torn apart and there were many aching hearts, but when the five Christmases came around, holly from the countryside was still carried to the towns; cards were posted (sometimes antedating the war by many years) presents exchanged, tied with red string instead of ribbon, and everybody had a little more to eat.

It has been said that the English are conservative and hate change. They may hate change but they adapt themselves to it remarkably well. Londoners herded on the subway platforms, sheltering from the destruction of their city, might well have abandoned such a paradoxical festival as Christmas. But they remembered it in the bleak darkness and chill of the shelters. Sprigs of hol-

ly had somehow been entangled in the shawls around the babies--they wished each other Merry Christmas and a happier - much happier! - New Year, and (this very understandably) equivalents of tankards of ale circulated up and down the crowded platforms until hearts were sufficiently warm to sing lusty Christmas Carols--"Good King Wenscelas" and "I Saw Three Ships Come Sailing."

Why indeed abandon Christmas? Peace on earth, goodwill towards men had always been more a hope than a reality, at all times. Now in these dark, terrible years the Spirit of Christmas could shine with more meaning, unhampered by glittering trappings. Christmas was very real in some of the deep shelters beneath London.

Since the War Christmas in England has not resumed Dickensian proportions. Food rationing still exists, but with almost mathematical justice everyone receives a Christmas supplement of sugar, cooking fat and candy. Turkeys can be bought at fabulous prices -- but few people care about them. In spite of hardships, or because of English fairness, there is less real suffering in England than any where else in the world -- except, of course, in America. This month, when Christmas comes again, there will hardly be a family in the dimmest four-roomed cottage in the tiniest hamlet of England who will not sit down to a midday meal of plump boiled chicken, potatoes, cabbage and plum pudding, washed down with several pints of strong tea. The Christmas Spirit will be as jolly and hopeful as ever it was.

Indeed it should be for there are few people who do not know - however vaguely - that this is the last Christmas of our Age -- that 1953 begins the New Age when the hopes of the world shall be fulfilled and "wars shall be no more." We have seen the death throes of the old Age, the birth pangs of the New may still be before us. But Christ will come again, and when He does, Christmas will still be His Festival, and a jollier Festival, more exuberant and more glorious than ever Dickens imagined it, because peace on earth and goodwill towards men will be real at last.

CHRISTIANITY

In 1943, a small book appeared on the market for use in study classes. It so covered the history of Hebraism and Christianity, that it could be read with profit by Jew, Roman Catholic and Protestant without encroaching upon religious restriction. The book is long since out of print. It is cited here because it wonderfully portrays Jehovah as the Supreme God of the universe, the God of all.

But it goes farther, with unswerving fidelity to Scripture, to depict the need for a new interpretation of the Law which had become so beclouded with man-made devices, that its spiritual power had been lost. Christ came not to destroy the Law, "but to fulfill."

"Jesus wanted to make it clear that the real sin lay in the intention of the heart. In the sight of God, it was the murderous hatred that was evil, not simply the overt act . . . The demand of God is for absolute honesty, absolute purity, and absolute goodwill. His standard of goodness calls, not for actions that conform to the requirements of the Law, but for motives that correspond to the perfection of God."

The author makes it clear that these precepts have not been followed by vast numbers of professed followers of Christ, and that time and again, ways have been sought to belittle their meaning. Nevertheless, the facts are there and if a God is to be a God, what less than perfection should He stand for. Those who would dwarf His teachings, only dwarf their own souls.

But the "belittling" goes on. Nearly two thousand years have elapsed since the advent of Christ, and who can say that the past fifty years have shown marked progress toward the perfection called for by God.

It is, however, apparent that man knows there is no other way out of the present dilemma but through the doors of religion. He has spent vast funds and labor in building untold numbers of sanctuaries for worship but tries to evade the practice of their fundamental principles. A while back some friends made a tour of the world. Being interested in religion, they planned to stop at every sanctuary within their path. That path necessarily cut a narrow swath around the earth, but they stopped at eighty-six Christian

edifices and thirty-four of all other faiths. Aside from stated hours of worship, these structures were practically empty, except at Shinto shrines in Japan, which religion does not worship the true God. What a commentary!

At this 1952 Christmas Season, more people are groping for God than ever before. More peace organizations exist now than ever before. Probably more prayers for peace are being said than ever before. But what about the "intention of the heart?" As we grope and pray are we dwarfting and belittling the power we seek? Are we willing to set the heart toward the perfection Christ came to reveal?

* * *

The story is told of a Bavarian cobbler who centered his work in making a perfect pair of shoes, but somehow it could not be--a slip of the awl would produce a mar. The tip of the knife would swerve and produce a flaw. For years he so worked without success. Finally, one early December day a sister from the nearby convent brought him an order for a pair of girl's shoes. "They are to be a Christmas present, so do not hurry," she said. "I will call on the 24th."

So, he worked on these shoes when other orders were not pressing and sometimes at night. As he worked he saw them coming nearer and nearer to his perfect ideal, and lo! at last, when they were finished, there was not a variation in line or stitch, and he called his wife to join in his jubilation.

But, Christmas eve came and the Sister did not call for the shoes. He and his wife ate supper in silence and still he waited in vain. Finally his wife suggested taking them to the convent. "Surely you can tell them at the door about it," she said.

So he started out through the drifting snow to the convent. At the door another sister greeted him and told him of the death of Sister Natalie. Then the Sister remarked, "So this is what she meant! All she could say was 'shoes--Lucile.'" Yes, he knew Lucile and would deliver them. And so across town to the poverty-stricken home he went with no thought of getting his price. But he was simply overwhelmed over seeing the joy in Lucile's heart. Putting the shoes on she said, "They are just perfect!" "Yes, Lucile," he replied, "and Sister Natalie has reached perfection too."

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PRAYER AND FAITH

By Mary Lavinia Silvia

The parents had suffered a severe shock, six years ago, when their first born -- a beautiful girl of twenty-two, who had just returned from serving three years in the U.S. Marines -- was killed at the motorcycle races when a machine crashed through the fence where she was standing.

The minister was a young man, quite incapable of coping with such a situation; and so their only religious consolation was that which I was able to give them through the mail, from a distance of three hundred miles.

The father took to drinking -- the tragedy had happened on Father's Day -- and for a time it seemed that he might lose the position which he had held for many years. But my letters and prayers helped him and he finally straightened out.

Early in 1952 they faced another tragedy--a type of sectarian abuse which must be corrected if Christianity is to survive. Their now oldest daughter was engaged to a fine young man whose father and mother belonged to different sects and he had been reared in his mother's church. He was willing to be married, as is the custom, in the church of his intended bride and arrangements were made accordingly. But his mother then announced that her son would not be married in any church, except her own. As usually occurs in such cases, statements were made which were untrue, to say nothing about un-Christian.

Her mother, a dear friend of mine, drove 35 miles to acquaint me with the circumstances and ask for suggestions. Their pastor refused to interfere, unless the young folks sought his advice. I said, "There is nothing we can do except pray. Have faith, Ellen. God will open the way. I still feel that 'Bea' will be married in her own church."

And so I took it to the Lord in prayer; and Ellen prayed too.

Two months later, Ellen came to me again: "Oh, Mary, I couldn't write. I am so happy--your prayers have been answered. Bea and Dick are going to be married on the 29th, and we want you to be sure to be there. We all feel that it is your faith and prayers that have made this possible."

I saw the young couple married. Now Bea and Dick are studying the Bible together and some day he will join her church.

Once more I praise my Master for answered prayer for the happiness of my loved ones.

oooOooo

HAVE FAITH

Be wise!
Use well the present day;
Clear purpose and resolve
Will always find a way.

Be brave!
High courage knows no fear;
The good you do today,
Brings conquest ever near.

Be true!
Don't swerve or idly shirk;
Life's prizes are conferred
On men who nobly work.

Be strong!
There's something great to do;
Have faith and really know
That God will see you through.

--Grenville Kleiser.

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Not prayer without faith, nor faith without prayer, but prayer in faith is the cost of spiritual gifts and grace.
--H. Clay Trumbull.

"Self distrust is the cause of most of our failures."

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NOW IS THE TIME TO . . .
By Grenville Kleiser

THIS IS THE TIME to make your resolutions for the coming New Year.

Suggestions:

1. RESOLVE to keep these resolutions.
2. RESOLVE to probe your faults of character and correct them.
3. RESOLVE to be patient under all circumstances.
4. RESOLVE to talk less and listen more.
5. RESOLVE to praise instead of censure.
6. RESOLVE to think constructively.
7. RESOLVE to look for the best in everyone.
8. RESOLVE to maintain a high standard of conduct always.
9. RESOLVE to keep a worthy ideal constantly in view.
10. RESOLVE to eliminate fear and worry from your life.
11. RESOLVE to be grateful for your blessings.
12. RESOLVE to pray to God for guidance and protection.

* * *

MAKE A LIST OF RESOLUTIONS to suit your personal requirements. An earnest resolution seems to have about it a savor of omnipotence.

John Foster says: "He that resolves upon any great and good end, has by that very resolution scaled the chief barrier to it."

EMERSON DECLARED that a good intention clothes itself with power. You may be what you earnestly resolve to be and work diligently to that one purpose.

A dauntless spirit of resolution has often achieved the seeming impossible. Prepared to conquer every hazard, a valiant man scales the most difficult heights.

A CHINESE PROVERB tells us that great souls have wills; feeble ones have only wishes. Epictetus avowed that there is nothing good or evil save in the will.

Resoluteness makes a man great or little. He stamps his value on himself. To will what God wills is the only thing that brings peace of mind.

AS GOETHE ONCE SAID, "He who has a firm will molds the world to himself."

* * *

RESOLVE TO CULTIVATE your mental garden. It must be tended assiduously, kept active if it is to be fruitful. It needs constant care, planning, enriching, ordering -- that it may produce its best and give to you the pleasure and creation that you so much desire.

No day should be allowed to pass without adding its measure to the beauty and fertility of your mental garden.

IT IS YOUR PRIVILEGE to garden in words--to choose words as you would seeds, that they may bear beautiful flowers and good fruit.

When you transplant, into your mind, the words you have carefully chosen in the great field of prose and poetry, such words not only become an integral part of your mental garden but they produce thoughts of their kind.

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I want the New Year's opening days
To fill with love, and prayer, and praise.
Some little things to do for Thee,
For Thou hast done great things for me.

I want some other soul to bring
To Thee, my Saviour and my King.
Thou wilt not, Lord, my prayer deny,
For Thou canst all my wants supply.

In Jesus' name our prayer we raise,
Whose guiding hand has blessed our days.
And may we, Lord, in godly fear
Serve Thee through all this coming year.

--Selected.

oooOooo

Do not, for one repulse, forego the purpose
That you resolv'd to effect. --Shakespeare.

GREETINGS FROM OTHER LANDS

From India--

I would very much like to write something to express my feelings about "Fellowship in Prayer" and its importance in our country. I must also say that there is a great value of Prayer amongst us, and a prayerful spirit does not lack in our country. We pray for peace, not only for our own country but for the whole world, and the time will come when our earnest prayers will be heard and answered.

Christmas is fast approaching. Please convey my greetings to all the readers of "Fellowship in Prayer" with the message that India prays for the peace of the world.

--Kenneth S. E. Nathaniel.

From Brussels--

"Fellowship in Prayer" is being read in Brussels, for, after enjoying the copy sent to me, I pass it on to my English-speaking friends.

And, as one publisher to another, I pay my respect for your October issue.

A few years ago my Seydell Publishing Company got out a book of poems by Suzanne Keener, a former star of the Metropolitan Opera Company of New York. When, because of ill health she had to give up professional singing, she began to write most beautiful poems. I called the book I edited for her SILENT SINGING.

Remember Keats wrote:

"Heard melodies are sweet, but
those unheard are sweeter."

Miss Keener passed on a year ago and I am sure the choir of heaven is better for it!

I am writing this to you, for I think the last poem in her book is worthy of your publication. I herewith give you the permission to publish it if you desire.

--Mildred Seydell.

(Ed. - We are grateful for this letter and the prayer -- appearing on the inside back cover)

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LET US GO FORWARD!

With the New Year let us resolve to interest others in the program of Fellowship in Prayer, the aims and purposes of which are:

> "To promote the practice of prayer among all religious faiths whose fundamental belief is in God, regardless of race, creed or color, and whose tenets include the universal attributes of truth, honesty, justice and mercy, that thereby there may arise a closer relation to Almighty God and a deeper spirit of fellowship among mankind."

Deeply consecrated people must vision the power of a united effort to institute a religious revival. Even one such spiritually-minded person in a community or small town can easily lead others in such an effort.

The study of other faiths by the use of the short statements about various religions, which have appeared, from time to time, in FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER provides a fine introductory course.

WHAT WE ALL BELIEVE (*) by Ruth Cranston, available at twenty-five cents per copy (plus five cents postage); or her unabridged book, WORLD FAITH (**), at $3.00 per copy furnishes excellent material for further study.

A booklet, which is now in process of preparation as a memorial to one of our pioneer leaders, will also be valuable for group work as it tells an inspiring story of what one person can do.

The point is --START DOING SOMETHING! --remembering at all times that prayer CAN "move mountains" if enough people cooperate.

(*) Fellowship in Prayer, 22 East 29th St., New York 16
(**) Harper & Brothers, 49 East 33rd Street, New York 16

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APPRECIATION

Aside from the articles by our Contributing Editors, including the enclosed Christmas sermon by Dr. Youngs, we owe a debt of gratitude for the following articles:

"Holy Night"	By Prof. A. E. Johnson.
"Forever Now Or Never"	By Philip Van Doren Stern and used by permission.
"Born Unto You"	By Ray D. Mason.
"Prayer"	By Patience Strong.
"Christmas in England"	By Miss Frances FitzGibbon of The Seekers, England.
"Prayer and Faith"	By Mrs. Mary Lavinia Silvia.
"An Advent Prayer"	By Theodore Carswell Hume and used through the courtesy of Dr. and Mrs. Edward H. Hume.

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NOTICES

Fellowship in Prayer is indeed happy to announce that Mrs. Thomas M. Taylor has been elected a trustee of the Board. Mrs. Taylor has served as an advisor for the past year and, since the inception of the program, has rendered valuable counsel and inspiration.

Miss Maude H. Brodhead is also welcomed at this time as an advisor. Miss Brodhead's qualifications and long experience in religious educational work makes her a valuable addition to the Fellowship. She will be listed in the Eastern Zone, although her professional contacts and personal interviews, with churches of all denominations, take her throughout the Eastern, Southern, and Central States; and, thus, will be in a position to offer advice in these localities as well.

Our 1952 Christmas card, described in previous issues, received wide appreciation by those who have purchased them. Truly, a splendid reproduction of a beautiful painting by Helen Dudley Young. Thousands have been sold, but there are still a few on hand and orders will be filled as they

are received until the quantity is exhausted. The price is $1.00 per dozen or $7.50 in one hundred lots.

Visitors to our office are always welcome and we have been happy to meet many from out of town, and from abroad, during recent weeks.

Address: 22 East 29th Street, New York 16, N. Y.
Telephone: MUrray Hill 5-2758.

The subscription rate for "FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER" is $2.00 annually. This, of course, does not cover present printing and mailing costs. Proper development of the program calls for larger contributions. You may use the enclosed envelope for your convenience, or if you have already sent a donation and find you cannot use the envelope at the present time, please pass it on to a friend.

The year 1952 closes with deep gratitude for the exceptionally fine spirit of cooperation of our many friends, advisors, contributing editors, trustees and officers; and we look forward to the coming year with keen anticipation.

CHALLENGE

Beyond the far horizon
And the sun's last golden bar
A challenge comes to every heart
When God lights evening's first bright star.

He never leaves us in the dark,
Never forgets, so why should we?
Our hands like His should light a star
To give men hope and set them free.

And if a million, million hands
Should light a star in some dark place,
How soon the Star of Peace would shine
On every color, creed and race.

--Ae'lis Churchill Chaphe.

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A M E N

--o--

Stronger than power,

Higher than flight,

Wider than space,

Swifter than light,

Boundless and free,

Unseen as the air,

Is The MIRACLE -- man

Has called: A Prayer.

--Suzanne Keener.

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